NO. XXVII. PRICE 1S.

TOM BURKE

OF "OURS."

No. 14,

EDITED BY

HARRY LORREQUER

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIZ

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND CO., SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

TO PIRATES IN THE BRITISH COLONIES.

MESSRS. CURRY AND CO.,

Having learned that MR. LEVER'S WORKS *are printed by various Booksellers and Newspaper Proprietors in the British Colonies, without permission, hereby give notice that it is their determination to proceed at law against all persons infringing their Copyrights.*

Dublin, 1st July, 1843.

Published this day in 8vo, price 13s. in cloth.

TOM BURKE OF "OURS."

By CHARLES LEVER, Esq. Vol. I., with numerous Etchings by Phiz.

By the same Author.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

With 22 Illustrations by Phiz. In 8vo, price 12s. in cloth.

"An exceedingly droll set of confessions, most assuredly—full of high spirits, keen observation, rich invention, and a talent for placing every thing of ordinary or extraordinary occurrence in the most ludicrous light possible."—*Morning Post.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY,

THE IRISH DRAGOON.

With 44 Illustrations by Phiz. In 2 vols. 8vo, price 24s. in cloth.

"Beyond comparison the pleasantest book of our times."—*Standard.*

JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

With numerous Illustrations by Phiz on Steel and Wood, and a fine Portrait of the Author, after a Miniature by Lover. In 1 vol. 8vo, price 14s. in cloth.

"Mr. Lever's style seems to improve with every fresh attempt at authorship. There is a breadth and finish about this work which none of his earlier productions possessed, while the same spirit of drollery and fun which first commended him to the public exists as fresh and unfailing as ever."—*Derry Sentinel.*

Dublin: WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Co. London: W. S. ORR, and Co.
Sold by all Booksellers.

Minette receiving the Cross of the Legion.

Mademoiselle de Lacostellerie.

CHAPTER LIV.

PARIS IN 1806.

A PORTION of the Luxembourg was devoted to the reception of the "Compagnie d'elite," for whom a household, on the most liberal scale, was provided—a splendid table maintained, and all that wealth and the taste of a voluptuous age could suggest, procured, to make their life one of daily magnificence and pleasure. Daru himself, the especial favourite of the Emperor, took the head of the table each day, to which generally some of the ministers were invited, while the *Moniteur* of every morning chronicled the festivities, giving *éclat* to the most minute circumstance, and making Paris re-echo to the glories of him, of whose fame they were but the messengers.

The most costly equipages—saddle-horses of great price—grooms in gorgeous liveries—all that could attract notice and admiration, were put in requisition; while ceremonies of pomp went forward day by day, and the deputation received in state the congratulatory visits of different departments of the government.

While thus this homage was paid to the semblance of Napoleon's glory, his progress through Germany was one grand triumphal procession. One day we read of his arrival at Munich, whither the Empress had gone to meet him—there, he was welcomed witht he most frantic enthusiasm. He had restored to them their army almost without loss, and covered with laurels; he had elevated their elector to a throne, while he cemented the friendship between the two nations by the marriage of Eugene Beauharnois with the princess of Bavaria. Another account would tell us of sixteen thousand Russian prisoners on their way to France, accompanied by two thousand cannon taken from the Austrians. All that could excite national enthusiasm, and gratify national vanity, was detailed by the government press, and popular excitement raised to a higher pitch than in the wildest periods of the revolution.

Hourly was his arrival looked forward to with anxiety and impatience. Fêtes on the most splendid scale of magnificence were in preparation, and the public bodies of Paris held meetings to concert measures for his triumphal reception. At last, a telegraphic despatch announced his arrival at Strasbourg. He crossed the Rhine at the very place where, exactly one hundred days before, he passed over on his march against the Austrians—one hundred days of such glory as not even his career had equalled. Ulm and Austerlitz, vanquished Russia, and ruined Austria, the trophies of this brief space. Never had his genius shone with greater splendour—never had fortune shown herself more the companion of his destiny.

Each hour was now counted, and every thought turned to the day when he might be expected to arrive; and on the evening of the 24th came the intelligence that the Emperor was approaching Paris. He had halted part of a day at Nancy to review some regiments of cavalry, and now might be expected in less than twenty-four hours. The next morning all Paris awoke at an early hour, when, what was the surprise and disappointment to see the great flag floating from the pavilion of the Tuileries. His majesty had arrived during the night, when, at once sending for the minister of finance, he proceeded, without taking a moment's repose, to examine into the dreadful crisis which threatened the bank of France, and the very existence of the government.

At eleven, the council of state were assembled at the Tuileries; and at twelve, a proclamation, dispersed through Paris, announced that M. Molien was appointed minister, and M. Marbois was dismissed from his office. The rapidity of these changes, and the avoidance of all public homage by the Emperor, threw, for several days, a cast of gloom over the whole city, which was soon dissipated by the re-appearance of Napoleon, and the publication of that celebrated report by M. Champagny, in which the glories of France—her victories—her acquisitions in wealth, territory, and influence—were recited in terms whose adulation it would be now difficult to digest.

From that moment the festivities of Paris commenced, and with a splendour unsurpassed by any period of the empire. It was the Augustan era of Napoleon's life, in all that concerned the fine arts—for literature, unhappily, did not flourish at any time beneath his reign—Gérard and Gros, David, Ingres, and Isabey, committed to canvas the glories of the German campaigns; and the capitulation of Ulm—the taking of Vienna—the passage of the Danube, and the field of Austerlitz, still live in the genius of these great painters.

The opera, too, under the direction of Cimerosa, had attained to an unwonted excellence; while Spontini and Boildieu, in their separate walks, gave origin to the school so distinctly that of the comic opera. Still, the voluptuous tastes of the day prevailed above all; and the ballet, and the strange conceptions of Nicolo, a Maltese composer, in which music, dancing, romance, and scenery, all figured, were the passion of the time.

Dancing was, indeed, the great art of the era. Vestris and Trénis were the great names in every saloon; and all the extravagant graces and voluptuous groupings of the ballet, were introduced into the amusements of society; even the taste in dress was made subordinate to this passion—the light and floating materials, which mark the figure and display symmetry, replacing the heavier and more costly robes of former times. The reaction to the stern puritanism of the republican age had set in, and secretly was favoured by Napoleon himself, who saw in all this extravagance and abandonment to pleasure, the basis of that new social state, on which he purposed to found his dynasty.

Never were the entertainments at the Tuileries more costly—never was a greater magnificence displayed in all the ceremonial of state.

The marshals of the empire were enjoined to maintain a style corresponding to their exalted position; and the reports of the police were actually studied, respecting such persons as lived in what was deemed, a manner unbefitting their means of expense.

Cambacérès and Fouché, Talleyrand and Murat, all maintained splendid establishments. Their dinners were given twice each week, and their receptions were almost every evening. If the Emperor conferred wealth with a liberal hand, so did he expect to see it freely expended. He knew well the importance of conciliating the affections of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, and that by no other means could such an end be accomplished more readily, than by a lavish expenditure of money throughout all classes of society. This was alone wanting to efface every trace of the old republican spirit. The simple habits and uncostly tastes of the Jacobins were at once regarded as meannesses—their frugal and unpretending modes of life pronounced low and vulgar—and many who could have opposed a stout heart against the current of popular opinion, on stronger grounds, yielded to the insinuations and mockeries of their own class, and conformed to tastes, which eventually engendered opinions and even principles.

I ask pardon from my reader, for digressing from the immediate subject of my own career, to speak of topics which are rather the province of the historian, than a mere story-teller like myself: still, I should not be able to present to his view the picture of manners I desired, without thus recalling some features of that time, so pregnant with the fate of Europe, and the future destiny of France. And now to return.

Immediately on the Emperor's arrival, the Empress and her suite took their departure for Versailles, from whence it was understood they were not to return before the end of the month, for which time a splendid ball was announced at the Tuileries. Unwilling to detain General D'Auvergne's letter so long, and unable, from the position I occupied, to obtain leave of absence from Paris, I forwarded the letter to the Comtesse, and abandoned the only hope I had of meeting her once more. The disappointment from this source—the novelty of the circumstances in which I found myself—the fascinations of a world altogether strange to me—all conspired to confuse and excite me, and I entered into the dissipation of those around me, if not with all their zest, at least with as headlong a resolution to drown all reflection in a life of voluptuous enjoyment.

The only person of my own standing among the *Compagnie d'elite*, was a captain of the chasseurs of the guard, who, although but a few years my senior, had seen service in the Italian campaign. By family a Bourbonist, he joined the revolutionary armies when his relatives fled from France, and slowly won his steps to his present rank. A certain hauteur in his manner with men—an air of distance he always wore—had made him as little liked by them, as it usually succeeds in making a man popular with women, to whom the opposite seems at once a compliment. He was a man who had seen much of the world, and in the best society; gifted with a most fascinating address, when-

ever he pleased to exert it, and singularly good-looking, he was the *beau ideal* of the French officer of the highest class.

The Chevalier Duchesne and myself had travelled together for some days, without exchanging more than the ordinary civilities of distant acquaintance, when some accident of the road threw us more closely together, aud ended by forming an intimacy, which, in our Paris life, brought us every hour into each other's society.

Stranger as I was in the capital, to me the acquaintance was a boon of great price. He knew it thoroughly. In the gorgeous and stately salons of the Faubourg—in the guingettes of the Rue St. Denis—in the costly mansion of the modern banker, the new aristocracy of the land—or in the homely ménage of the shopkeeper of the Rue St. Honoré—he was equally at home, and, by some strange charm, had the entrée, too.

The same "sesame" opened to him the coulisse of the Opera, and the penetralia of the Français. In fact, he seemed one of those privileged people who are met with occasionally in life, in places the most incongruous, and with acquaintances the most opposite, yet never carrying the prestige of the one or the other, an inch beyond the precincts it belongs to.

Had he been wealthy, I could have accounted for much of this; for never was there a period when riches more abounded, nor when their power was more absolute; but he did not seem so. Although in no want of money, his retinue and simple style of living betrayed nothing beyond fair competence; neither, as far as I could perceive, did he incline to habits of extravagance—on the contrary, he was too apt to connect every display with vulgarity, and condemn, in his fastidiousness, the gorgeous splendour that characterised the period.

Such, without going further, did Duchesne appear to be, as we took up our quarters at the Luxembourg, and commenced an intimacy which each day served to increase.

"Well, thank heaven, this Vaudeville is over at last," said he, as he threw himself into a large chair at my fire, and pitched his chapeau, all covered with gold and embroidery, into a far corner of the room. We had just returned from Notre Dame, where the grand ceremonial of receiving the standards was held by the Senate, with all the solemnity of a high mass, and the most imposing observances.

"Vaudeville?" said I, turning round rapidly.

"Yes. What else can you call it? What, I ask you, had those poor decrepid Senators—those effeminate priests, in the costume of *beguines*, to do, with the eagles of a brave, but unfortunate army? In what way can you connect that incense and that organ, with the smoke of artillery, and the crash of mitraille? And lastly—was it like old Daru himself, to stand there, half crouching, beside some wretched half-palsied priest? But I feel heartily ashamed of myself, though I played but the smallest part in the whole drama."

"Is it thus you can speak of the triumph of our army?—the glories ——"

"You mistake me much. I only speak of that miserable mockery

which converts our hard-won laurels into chaplets of artificial flowers; these displays are far beneath us, and would only become the victories of some national guard."

"So then," said I, half laughingly—"it is your republican gorge that rises against all this useless ceremonial."

"You are the very first ever detected me in that guise," said he, bursting into a hearty laugh. "But come—I'd wager you agree with me all this while. This was a very contemptible exhibition; and for my own part, I'd rather see the colours back again, with those poor fellows we chased at Austerlitz, than fluttering in the imbecile hands of dotage and bigotry."

"Then I must say we differ totally. I like to think of the warlike spirit nourished in a nation, by the contemplation of such glorious spoils. I am young enough to remember how the Invalides affected me——"

"When you took your Sunday walk there from the Polytechnique, two and two, with a blue ribbon round your neck, for being a good boy during the week. Oh, I know it all. Delicious times they were, with their souvenirs of wooden legs and plum-pudding. Happy fellow you must be, if the delusion can last this while."

"You are determined it shall not continue much longer," said I, laughing; "that is quite evident."

"No. On the contrary, I should be but too happy to be your convert, instead of making you mine; but unfortunately, 'Sa Majesté, Empereur et Roi,' has taught me some smart lessons since I gave up mathematics, and I have acquired a smattering of his own policy, which is—to look after the substance, and leave the shadow—or the 'drapeau,' if you like it better—to whoever pleases."

"I confess, however," said I, "I don't well understand your enthusiasm about war, and your indifference about its trophies. To me, the associations they suggest are pleasurable beyond any thing."

"I think I remember something of that kind in myself formerly," said he musing. "There was a time when the blast of a trumpet, or even the clank of a sabre, used to set my heart thumping. Happily, however, the organ has grown steeled against even more stirring sounds; and I listened to that salute to-day, fired as it was by that imposing body, the artillery of the 'garde nationale,' with an equanimity truly wonderful. Apropos, my dear Burke. Talk of heroism and self-devotion as you will, but show me any thing to compare with the gallantry of those fellows we saw to-day on the 'Quai Voltaire'—a set of grocers, periwig-makers, umbrella and sausage-men, with portly paunches and spectacles, ramming down charges, sponging, loading, and firing real cannon. On my word of honour, it was fearful."

"They say his Majesty is very proud, indeed, of the national guard of Paris."

"Of course he is—look at them, and just think what must be the enthusiasm of men who will adopt a career so repugnant, not only to their fancy, but their very formation; remember, that he who runs yonder with a twenty-four pounder, never handled any thing heavier

than a wig block ; and that, the only charges of the little man beside him, have been made in his day-book. By St. Denis, the dromedary-guard we had in Egypt were more at home in their saddles, than the squadron who rode beside the archbishop's carriage."

"It is scarcely fair, after all," said I, half laughing, "to criticise them so severely; and the more, as I think you had some old acquaintances among them."

"Ha! you saw that—did you?" said he smiling. "No, by Jove, I never met them before; but that *confrerie* of soldiers—you understand—soon made us acquainted: and I saw one old fellow speaking to a very pretty girl, I guessed to be his daughter—and soon cemented a small friendship with him—here's his card."

"His card! Why—are you to visit him?"

"Better again—I shall dine there on Monday next. Let us see how he calls himself—'Hippolyte Pierrot, stay and corset maker to her Majesty the Empress, No. 22, Rue de Bac—third floor above the *entre sol.*' *Diable*, we're high up. Unfortunately I am scarcely intimate enough to bring a friend."

"Oh, make no excuses on that head," said I, laughing, "I really have no desire to see Monsieur Hippolyte Pierrot's ménage. And now, what are your engagements for this evening?—are you for the opera?"

"I don't well know," said he, pausing,—"Madame Caulaincourt receives, and of course expects to see our gay jackets in her salon any time before, or after, supper. Then there's the Comtesse de Nevers—I never go there without meeting my tailor; the fellow's a spy of the police, and a confectioner to boot; and he serves the ices, and reports the conversations in the Place Vendome, and that side of the Rue St. Honoré. I couldn't take a glass of lemonade without being dunned. Then, in the Faubourg—I must go in plain clothes, they would not let the 'livery of the usurper' pass the porter's lodge; besides they worry one with their enthusiastic joy or grief, as the last letter from England mentions whether the Comte d'Artois has eaten too many oysters, or found London beer too strong for him."

"From all which I guess that you are indisposed to stir."

"I believe that is about the fact. Truth is, Burke, there is only one *soirée* in all Paris I'd take the trouble to dress for this evening, and, strange enough, it's the only house where I don't know the people. He is a commissary-general, or a 'fournisseur' of some kind or other, of the army—always from home they say; with a wife, who was once, and a daughter, who is now, exceeding pretty; keeps a splendid house, and, like an honest man, makes restitution of all he can cheat in the campaign, by giving good dinners in the capital. His Majesty, at the solicitation of the Empress, I believe, made him a Count—God's mercy it was not a King; and as they come from Guadeloupe, or Otaheite, no one disputes their right; besides this is not a time for such punctilio. This is all I know of them, for, unfortunately, they settled here since I joined the army."

"And the name?"

"Oh, a very plausible name, I assure you—Lacostellerie—Madame la Comtesse de Lacostellerie."

"By Jove, you remind me, I have letters for her—a circumstance I had totally forgotten, though it was coupled with a commission."

"A letter!—why nothing was ever so fortunate—don't lose a moment—you have just time to leave it, with your card, before dinner—you'll have an invitation for this evening at once."

"But I have not the slightest wish."

"No matter, *I* have, and you shall bring me."

"You forget," said I, mimicking his own words, "I am unfortunately not intimate enough."

"As to that," replied he, "there is a vast difference between the etiquette Rue de Bac, No. 22, three floors above the *entre sol*, and the gorgeous salons of the Hotel Clichy, Rue Faubourg St. Honoré; ceremony has the advantage in the former by a height of three pair of stairs, not to speak of the *entre sol*."

"But I don't know the people."

"Nor I."

"But how am I to present you?"

"Easily enough. Captain Duchesne, Imperial Guard; or, if you prefer it, I'll do the honours for *you*."

"With all my heart, then," said I, laughing; and prepared to pay the visit in question.

CHAPTER LV.

THE "HOTEL DE CLICHY."

Duchesne was correct in all his calculations. I had scarcely reached the Luxembourg when a valet brought me a card for the Comtesse's soirée for that evening. It was accordingly agreed upon that we were to go together—I, as the invited, he, as my friend.

"All your finery, Burke, remember that," said he, as we separated to dress. "The uniform of the *Compagnie d'élite* is as much a decoration in a salon, as a camelia, or a geranium."

When he re-entered my room, half an hour later, I was struck by the blaze of orders and decorations with which his jacket was covered, while at his side there hung a magnificent *sabre d'honneur*, such as the Emperor was accustomed to confer on his most distinguished officers.

"You smile at all this bravery," said he, wilfully misinterpreting my look of admiration, "but remember where we are going."

"On the contrary," interrupted I; "but it is the first time I knew you had the Cross of the Legion."

"*Parbleu!*" said he, with an insolent shrug of his shoulders, "I had lent it to my hair-dresser, for a ball at the 'Cirque;' but here comes the carriage."

While we drove along towards the Faubourg, I had time to learn some farther particulars of the people to whose house we were proceeding, and for my reader's information, may as well impart them here, with such other facts as I subsequently collected myself.

Like most of the salons of the new aristocracy, Madame Lacostellerie's received people of every section of party, and every class of political opinion. Standing equally aloof from the old régime and the members of the Jacobin party, her receptions were a kind of neutral territory, where each could come without compromise of dignity; for already, except among the most starched adherents of the Bourbons, few of whom remained in France, there was a growing spirit to side with the Napoleonists, in preference to the revolutionary section; while the latter, with all their pretensions to simplicity and primitive tastes, felt no little pride in mixing with the very aristocracy they so loudly inveighed against.

Besides all this, wealth had its prestige. Never, in the palmiest days of the royalty, were entertainments of greater splendour; and the Legitimists, however disposed to be critical on the company, could afford to be just regarding the "*cuisine;*" the luxury of these modern dinners eclipsing the most costly displays of former times, where hereditary rank and ancient nobility contributed to adorn the scene. And, lastly, the admixture of every grade and class extended the field of conversational agreeability—throwing in new elements, and eliciting new features, in a society where peers, actors, poets, bankers, painters, soldiers, speculators, journalists, and adventurers, were confusedly mixed up together, making, as it were, a common fund of their principles and their prejudices, and starting anew in life, with what they could seize in the scramble.

After following the long line of carriages for above an hour, we at last turned into a large court-yard, lit up almost to the brightness of day. Here the equipages of many of the ministers were standing, a privilege accorded to them above the other guests. I recognised, among the number, the splendid liveries of Decrés, and the stately carriage of Talleyrand, whose household always proclaimed itself as belonging to a "seigneur" of the oldest blood of France, the most perfect type of a high-bred gentleman. Our progress from the vestibule to the stairs was a slow one. The double current of those pressing up and downwards delayed us long; and at last we reached a spacious antechamber, where even greater numbers stood awaiting their turn, if happily it should come, to move forward.

While here, the names of those announced conveyed to us a fair impression of the whole company. Among the first was Le General Junot—Berthollet the celebrated chemist—Lafayette—Monges—Daru—Count de Mailles, a Legitimist noble—David the regicide—the ambassador of Prussia—M. Pasquier—Talma. Such were the names we heard following in quick succession, when suddenly an avenue was opened by a

master of the ceremonies before me, who read from my card the words—

"Le Capitaine Burke, officier d'élite—Le Chevalier Duchesne, presenté par lui."

And, advancing within the door-way, I found myself opposite a very handsome woman, whose brilliant dress and blaze of diamonds concealed any ravages time might have made upon her beauty.

She was conversing with the arch-chancellor, Cambacérès, when my name was announced, and, turning rapidly round, touched my arm with her bouquet, as she said, with a most gracious smile—

"I am but too much flattered to see you on so short an invitation; but M. de Tascher's note led me to hope I might presume so far—your friend, I believe."

"I have taken the great liberty——"

"Indeed, Madame la Comtesse," said Duchesne, interrupting, "I must exculpate my friend here. This intrusion rests on my own head, and has no other apology than my long-cherished wish to pay my homage to the most distinguished ornament of the Parisian world."

As he spoke, the quiet flow of his words, and the low deferential bow with which he accompanied them, completely divested his speech of its tone of gross flattery, and merely made it seem a very fitting and appropriate expression.

"This would be a very high compliment, indeed," replied Madame de Lacostellerie, with a flush of evident pleasure on her cheek, "had it even come from one less known than the Chevalier Duchesne. I hope the Duchesse de Montserrat is well—your aunt, if I mistake not."

"Yes, madame," said he, "in excellent health. It will afford her great pleasure when I inform her of your polite inquiry."

Another announcement now compelled us to follow the current in front, which I was but well content to do, and escape from an interchange of fine speeches, of whose sincerity, on one side at least, I had very strong misgivings.

"So, then, the Comtesse is acquainted with your family," said I in a whisper.

"Who said so?" replied he, laughing.

"Did she not ask after the Duchesse de Montserrat?"

"And then?"

"And didn't you promise to convey her very kind message?"

"To be sure I did; but are you simple enough to think that either of us were serious in what we said? Why, my dear friend, she never saw my aunt in her life; nor, if I were to hint at her inquiry for her, to the duchesse, am I certain it would not cost me something like a half-million of francs the old lady has left me in her will. On my word, I firmly believe she'd never forgive it. You know little what these people of the 'Vieille roche,' as they call themselves, are like. Do you see that handsome fellow yonder, with a star on a blue cordon?"

"I don't know him, but I see he's a Marshal of France."

"Well, I saw that same aunt of mine rise up and leave the room, because *he* sat down in her presence."

"Oh! that was intolerable."

"So, she deemed his insolence —— come, move on; they're dancing in the next saloon;" and, without saying more, we pushed through the crowd in the direction of the music.

It is only by referring to the sensations experienced by those who see a ballet at the opera for the first time, that I can at all convey my own on entering the "Salle de danse." My first feeling was that of absolute shame. Never before had I seen that affectation of stage-costume, which then was the rage in society. The short and floating jupe—formed of some light and gauzy texture, which, even where it covered the figure, betrayed the form and proportions of the wearer—was worn low on the bosom and shoulders, and attached at the waist by a ribbon, whose knot hung negligently down in seeming disorder. The hair fell in long and floating masses loose upon the neck, waving in free tresses with every motion of the figure, and adding to that air of "abandon" which seemed so studiously aimed at; but more than any thing in mere costume was the look and expression in which a character of languid voluptuousness was written, and made to harmonize with the easy grace of their floating movements, and sympathize with gestures full of passionate fascination.

"Now Burke," said Duchesne, as he threw his eyes over the room, "shall I find a partner for you? for I believe I know most of the people here. That pretty blonde yonder, with the diamond buckles in her shoes, is Mademoiselle de Rancy, with a dowry of some millions of francs. What say you to pushing your fortune there? Don't forget the Officier d' Elite is a trump card just now; and there's no time to lose, for there will soon be a new deal."

"Not if she had the throne of France in reversion," said I, turning away in disgust from a figure, which, though perfectly beautiful, outraged at every movement, that greatest charm of womanhood, her inborn modesty.

"Ah, then, you don't fancy a blonde," said he, carelessly—whether wilfully misunderstanding me or not, I could not say. "Nor I, neither," added he. "There, now, is something far more to my taste. Is she not a lovely girl?"

She to whom he now directed my attention, was standing at the side of the room, and leaning on her partner's arm—her head slightly turned, so that we could not see her features; but her figure was actually faultless. Her's was not one of those gossamer shapes which flitted around and about us, balancing on tip-toe, or gracefully floating with extended arms. Rather strongly built than otherwise, she stood with the firm foot and the straight ankle of a marble statue: her arms well rounded, hung easily from her full, wide shoulders, while her head, slightly thrown back, was balanced on her neck with an air at once dignified and easy. Her dress well suited the character of her figure: it was entirely of black, covered with a profusion of deep black lace—the jupe looped up in Andalusian fashion, to display the leg, whose symmetry was perfect. Even her costume, however, had something about it too theatrical for my taste; but there was a stamp of firmness,

"*fierté*," even in her carriage and her attitude, that at once showed her's was no vulgar desire of being remarkable, but the womanly consciousness of being dressed as became her. She suddenly turned her head around, and we both exclaimed in the same breath, "how lovely!" Her features were of that brilliant character only seen in southern blood; eyes large, black, and lustrous, fringed with lashes that threw their shadow on the very cheek; full lips, curled with an air of almost saucy expression, while the rich, olive tint of her transparent skin was scarce coloured with the pink flush of exercise, and harmonized so perfectly with the proud repose of her countenance.

"She must be Spanish—that's certain," said Duchesne. "No one ever saw such an instep come from this side the Pyrenees; and those eyes have got their look of sleepy wickedness from Moorish blood. But here comes one will tell us all about her."

This was the Baron de Treve, a withered-looking, dried-up old man, rouged to the eyes, and dressed in the extravagance of the last fashion—the high collar of his coat rising nearly to the back of his head, as his deep cravat in front entirely concealed his mouth, and formed a kind of barrier around his features.

As Duchesne addressed him, he stopped short, and assuming an attitude of great intended grace, raised his glass slowly to his eye, and looked towards the lady.

"Ah! the Senorina—don't you know *her*? Why, where have you been, my dear Chevalier? Oh! I forgot. You've been in Austria, or Russia, or some barbarous place or other. She is the belle, *par excellence*. Nothing else is talked of in Paris."

"But her name? Who is she?" said Duchesne impatiently.

"Mademoiselle de Lacostellerie, the daughter of the house," said the Baron, completely overcome with astonishment at our ignorance; "and you, not to know this—you, of all men living. Why," he continued, dropping his voice to a lower key, "there never was such a fortune. Mines of rubies and emeralds; continents of coffee, rice, and sandal-wood; spice islands, and sugar plantations, to make one's mouth water."

"By Jove, Baron, you seem somewhat susceptible yourself."

"I had my thoughts on the subject," said he, with a half-sigh; "but, Helas! there are so many ties to be broken—so many tender chains one must snap asunder ——"

"I understand," said Duchesne, with an air of well-assumed seriousness. "The thing was impossible. Now, then, what say you to assist a friend?"

"You—yourself, do you mean?"

"Of course, Baron—no other."

"Come this way," said the old man, taking him by the arm, and leading him along to another part of the room, while Duchesne, with a sly look at me, followed.

While I stood, awaiting his return, my thoughts became fixed on Duchesne himself, of whose character, I never felt free from my misgivings. The cold indifference he manifested on ordinary occasions

to every thing and every body, I now saw could give way to strong impetuosity; but even this might be assumed also. As I pondered thus, I had not remarked that the dance was concluded; and already the dancers were proceeding towards their seats, when I heard my name uttered beside me—Capitaine Burke. I turned; it was the Countess herself, leaning on the arm of her daughter.

"I wish to present you to my daughter," said she, with a courteous smile, "the college friend and brother-officer of your cousin Tascher, Pauline."

The young lady courtesied with an air of cold reserve—I bowed deeply before her, while the Countess continued—

"We hope to have the pleasure of seeing you frequently during your stay in Paris, when we shall have a better opportunity of making your acquaintance.'

As I expressed my sense of this politeness, I turned to address a few words to Mademoiselle; and requesting to have the honour of dancing with her, she looked at me with an air of surprise, as though not understanding my words, when suddenly the Countess interposed—

"I fear that my daughter's engagements have been made long since; but another night ——"

"I will hope——"but before I could say more, the Countess addressed another person near her, and Mademoiselle, turning her head superciliously away, did not deign me any further attention—so that, abashed and awkward at so unfavourable a *debut* in the gay world, I fell back, and mixed with the crowd. As I did so, I found myself among a group of officers, one of whom was relating an anecdote, just then current in Paris, and which I mention merely, as illustrating in some measure the habits of the period.

At the levee of the emperor on the morning before, an old general of brigade advanced to pay his respects, when Napoleon observed some drops of rain glistening on the embroidery of his uniform. He immediately turned towards one of his suite, and gave orders to ascertain by what carriage the general had arrived. The answer was, that he had come in a "fiacre," a hired vehicle, which, by the rules of the court, was not admitted within the court of the Tuileries, and thus he was obliged to walk above one hundred yards, before he could obtain shelter.

The old officer, who knew nothing of the tender solicitude of the Emperor, was confounded with astonishment to observe at his departure a handsome calèche, and two splendid horses at his service.

"Whose carriage is this?" said he.

"Yours, Monsieur le General."

"And the servant, and the horses!"

"Yours, also! His Majesty has graciously been pleased to order them for you, and desires you will remember that the sum of six thousand francs will be deducted from your pay, to meet the cost of the equipage, which the Emperor deems so befitting your rank in the service."

"It is thus," said the narrator, "the Emperor would enforce that

liberality on others, he so eminently displays himself. The spoils of Italy and Austria are destined—not to found a new noblesse, but to enrich the bourgeoisie of this good city of Paris. I say, Edward, is not that Duchesne yonder? I thought he was above patronising the salons of a mere commissary-general."

"You don't know the chevalier," replied the other. "No game flies too high or too low for his mark. Depend upon it, he's not here for nothing."

"If Mademoiselle be the object," said a third, "I'll swear he shall have no rivalry on my side. By Jove! I'd rather face a charge of Hulans, than speak to her."

"If thou wert a Marshal of France, Claude, thou wouldst think differently."

"If I were a Marshal of France," repeated he, with energy, "I'd rather marry Minette, the vivandiere of ours."

"And no bad choice either," broke in a large heavy-looking officer; "there is but one objection to such an arrangement."

"And that—if I might ask——"

"Simple enough. She wouldn't have you."

The young man endeavoured to join in the laugh this speech excited among the rest, though it was evident he felt ill at ease from the ridicule.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Burke," said Duchesne, at this moment, as he slipped his arm through mine; "but I thought I should have been in need of your services a few minutes ago."

"Ah, how?"

"Move a little aside, and I'll tell you. I wished to ask Mademoiselle to dance, and approached her for the purpose. She was standing with a number of people, all strangers to me, at the door-way yonder—Dobretski, that Russian prince, the only man I knew amongst them. A very chilling—'Engaged, sir!' was the answer of the lady, to my first request. The same reply met my second and third—when the Russian, as if desirous to increase the awkwardness of my position, interposed with, 'And the fourth set, Mademoiselle dances with me.' 'In that case,' said I, 'I may fairly claim the fifth.'

"'On what grounds, sir,' said she, with a look of easy impertinence.

"'The Emperor's orders, Mademoiselle,' said I proudly.

"Indeed, sir!—May I ask, how and when?"

"Austerlitz, December 2.—The order of four o'clock, dated from Reygern, says—'The Imperial Guard will follow closely on the track of the Russians. Signed—NAPOLEON.'

'In that case, sir,' said she, 'I cannot dispute his Majesty's orders. I shall dance with you the fifth.'"

"And the Russian. What said he?"

"Ma foi! I paid no attention to him—for, as Mademoiselle moved off will her partner, I strolled away in search of you."

If I was amused at this recital of the chevalier, I could not avoid feeling picqued at the greater success he had than myself—for still, the chilling reception I had met with was rankling in my mind.

"Let us move away from this quarter," said Duchesne, "here we have got ourselves among a knot of old campaigners, with their stupid stories of Cairo and Acre, Alexandria and the Adige. By Jove! if any thing would make me a Legitimist, it is my disgust at those confounded narratives about Kleber and Desaix. The Emperor himself does not despise the time of the revolution, more heartily than I do. Come—there's bouillotte yonder. Let us go, and win some pieces. I feel I'm in vein—and even to lose, would be better than listen to these people. It is only a few minutes ago I was hunted away from Madame de Muraire by old Berthollet, who is persuading her that her diamonds are but charcoal, and that a necklace is only fit to roast an orlotan. This comes of letting savants into society—decidedly, they had much better taste in the time of the monarchy."

It was with some difficulty we succeeded in approaching the bouillotte-table, where, to judge from the stakes, very high play was going forward. Duchesne was quickly recognised among the players, who made place for him among them. I soon saw that he was not mistaken in supposing he was in luck; every coup was successful, and while he continued to win time after time, the heap of gold grew greater, till it covered the part of the table before him.

"Most certainly, Burke," said he, in a whisper, "this is a strong turn of fortune, who, being a woman, won't long be of the same mind. Five thousand francs," cried he, throwing the billet de banque carelessly before him, while he turned to resume what he was saying to me. Were I in action now, I'd win the baton de Marechal. I feel it. There's always an innate sense of luck, when it means to be steady."

"The Chevalier Duchesne—the Chevalier Duchesne!" was repeated from voice to voice, outside the circle, "Mademoiselle de Lacostellerie is waiting to waltz with you."

"A thousand pardons," said he, rising. "Burke, continue my game, while I try, if I can't push fortune the whole way."

So saying, and without listening to my excuses about ignorance of play, he pressed me into his seat, and pushed his way through the crowd to join the dancers.

It was only when the players asked me if I intended to go on, that I was aware of the position in which I found myself. I knew little more of the game than I had learned in looking over the table, but I was aware of the strict etiquette in all the play of society, which enjoins a revenge to every loser, so that I continued to bet and stake for Duchesne, as I had seen him do already—not, however, with such fortune. He had scarcely left the table, when luck changed, and now I saw his riches decreasing even more rapidly than they had been accumulated. At last, after a long run of ill-fortune, when I had staked a very large sum on the board, just as the banker was about to begin, I changed my mind, and withdrew half of it.

"No, no; let it stay," whispered a voice in my ear; "the sooner this is over, the better."

I turned—it was Duchesne himelf, who for some time had been seated behind my chair, and looking on at the game.

Fleeting as was the glance I had of his features, I fancied they were somewhat paler than usual. Could this be from the turn of fortune?—But no. I watched him now, and I perceived that he never even looked at the game. At last, I staked all that remained in one coup, and lost. When drawing forth my own purse, I was about to make another bet—"No, no, Burke," whispered he in my ear, "I was only waiting for this moment. Let us come away now. I rise as I sat down, Messieurs," he said gaily, while he added, in a lower tone—"*Sauf l'honneur.*"

"Have you had enough of gaiety for one night?" said he, as he drew my arm within his. "Shall we turn homewards?"

"Willingly," said I; for somehow I felt chagrined and vexed at my ill luck, and was angry with myself for playing.

"Come along then; this door will bring us to the stairs."

As we passed along hastily through the crowd, I saw that a young officer, in a hussar uniform, whispered something in Duchesne's ear, to which he quickly replied—"Certainly;" and as he spoke again in the same low tone, Duchesne answered—"Agreed, sir," with a courteous smile, and a look of much pleasure.

"Well, Burke," said he, turning to me, "these are about the most splendid salons in Paris—I think I never saw more perfect taste—I certainly must thank you for being my chaperon here."

"You forget, Duchesne, the Duchesse de Montserrat, it seems," said I, laughing.

"By Jove, and so I had," said he; "yet the initiative lay with you. How the termination may be, is another matter," added he, in a mumbling voice, not intended to be heard.

"At all events," said I, puzzled what to say, and feeling I should say something; "I am happy your Russian friend took no notice of your speech."

"And why?" said he, with a peculiar smile—"and why?"

"I abhor a duel, in the first place."

"But, my dear boy, that speech smacks much more of the Ecole de Jesuites, than of St. Cyr. Don't let any one less your friend than I am, hear you say so."

"I care not who may hear it. Necessity may make me meet an adversary in single combat; but as to acting the cold-blooded part of bystander—as to being the witness of my friend's crime, or his own death ——"

"Come, come—when you exchange the Dolman for an Alb, I'll listen to this from you, if I can listen to it from any one; but happily now we have no time for more morality, for here comes the carriage."

Chatting pleasantly about the soirée and its company, we rolled along towards our quarters, and parted with a cordial shake of the hand for the night.

CHAPTER LVI.

A "SALLE DE POLICE."

When I entered the breakfast-room the following morning, I found Duchesne stretched before the fire, in an easy chair, busily engaged in reading the *Moniteur* of that day where a long list of imperial "ordonnances" nearly filled three columns.

"Here have I been," said he, "conning over this catalogue of princely favour these twenty minutes, and yet cannot discern one word of our well-beloved cousins Captains Burke and Duchesne; and yet there seems to be a hail-storm of promotions. Some of them have got grand duchies—some, principalities—some, have the cross of the Legion—and, here, by Jove, are some endowed with wives. Now that his Majesty has taken to christening and marrying, I suppose we shall soon see him administering all the succours of holy church. Have you much interest in hearing that Talleyrand is to be called Prince of Benevente, and Murat is now Grand Duke of Berg; that Sebastiani is to be married to Mademoiselle de Coigny; and Monsieur Decazes, fils de M. Decazes, has taken some one else to wife. Oh dear, oh dear! It's all very tiresome, and not even the féte of St. Napoleon ——"

"Of whom?" said I, laughing.

"St. Napoleon—*parbleu!*—it's no joking matter, I assure you—here is the letter of the cardinal legate to the archbishops and bishops of France, commanding that the first Sunday in the August of each year should be set apart to celebrate his saintship, with an account of the processions to take place, and various plenary indulgences to the pious who shall present themselves on the occasion. Fouché could tell you the names of some people who bled freely, to get rid of all this trumpery; and, in good sooth, it's rather hard, if we could not endure St. Louis, to be obliged to tolerate St. Napoleon—Saints, like Bourdeaux wine, being all the more palatable, when they have age to mellow them. I could forgive any thing, however, but this system of forced marriages; it smacks too much of old Frederick for my taste; and one cannot always have the luck of your friend General D'Auvergne."

I felt my cheek grow burning hot at the words; Duchesne did not notice my confusion, but continued:—"And yet, of all the ill-assorted unions for which his sainted Majesty will have to account hereafter, that was unquestionably the most extraordinary."

"But I have heard, and I believe it too, that the marriage was not of the Emperor's making; it was purely a matter of liking."

"Come, come, Burke," said he laughing, "you will not tell me that the handsomest girl at the court, with a large dowry, an ancient name,

and every advantage of position, marries an old weather-beaten soldier, the senior officer of her own father, once, of her own free-will and choice. The thing is absurd. No, no. These are the imperial recompenses, when grand duchies are scarce, and confiscations few. The Emperor does not travel for nothing: he brought back with him from Egypt something beside his Mameluke guard—that clever trick the Pachas have of providing a favourite with an ex-sultana. There, there—don't look so angrily: we shall both be marshals of France one of these days, and that may reconcile one to a great deal."

"You are determined to owe nothing of your promotion to a blind devotion to Napoleon—that's certain," said I, annoyed at the tone of insolent disparagement in which he spoke.

"You are right—perfectly right there," replied he, in a quiet tone of voice. "No man would rather hug himself up in an illusion, if he could but make it minister to his pleasure or his enjoyment; but when it does neither—when the material is so flimsy as to be seen through at every minute, I throw it from me as a worthless garment, unfit to wear."

"Can you, then, deem Napoleon's glory such?"

"Of course, to me, it is. How am I a sharer in his triumphs, save as the charger that marches in the cavalcade? You don't perceive that I, as the descendant of an old loyalist family, would have fared far better with the Bourbons, from reasons of blood and kindred; and a hundred times better with the Jacobins, from very recklessness."

"How then came it——"

"I will spare you the question. I neither liked emigration, nor the guillotine, and preferred the slow suffering of *ennui*, to the quick death of the scaffold. There has been but one career in France for many a day past. I adopted it, as much from necessity as choice—I followed it, more from habit than either."

"But you cannot be insensible to the greatness of your country, nor her success in arms."

"Nor am I; but these things are a small ingredient in patriotism. You, the stranger, share with us all our triumphs in the field. But the inherent features of a nation—the distinctive traits of which every son of the soil feels proud—where are they now? What is France to me more than to you? One half my kindred are exiled—of those who remain, many regard me as a renegade. Their properties confiscated, themselves suspected, what tie binds them to this country? You are not more an alien, here, than I am.'

"And yet, Duchesne, you shed your blood freely for this same cause you condemn. You charged the Pratzen, some days ago, with four squadrons, against a whole column of Russian cavalry."

"Ay—and would again to-morrow, boy. Had you been a gambler I needn't have told you, that it is the game, not the stake, that interests the real gamester. But come, do not fancy I want to make you a convert to these tiresome theories of mine. What say you to the pretty Mademoiselle Pauline?—did you admire her much?"'

"She is unquestionably very handsome; but, if I must confess it, her manner towards me was too ungracious to make me loud in her praise."

"I like that, I vow," said Duchesne, "that saucy air has an indescribable charm for me. I don't know if it is not the very thing which pleases me most about her. She has been spoiled by flattery and admiration; for her beauty and her fortune are prizes in the great wheel. And that she is aware of the fact is nothing wonderful, considering that she hears it repeated every evening of her life, by every rank in the service, from a marshal of France down to —— a captain in the *chasseurs-à-cheval*," said he, laughing.

"Who probably was one of the last to tell her so," said I, looking at him slyly.

"What have we here?" said he suddenly, without paying any attention to my remark, as he again took up the *Moniteur*—"It is rumoured that the Russian Prince, Dobretski, was dangerously wounded this morning in an affair of honour; the names of the other party and the seconds are still unknown; but the efforts of the police, stimulated by the express command of the Emperor, will, it is to be hoped, succeed in discovering them ere long."

"Is not that the name of your Russian friend of last night, Duchesne?"

"Yes, and the same person too, formerly Russian minister at Madrid, and latterly residing on his parole at Paris," continued he, reading from the paper, "'The very decided part his majesty has taken against the practice of duelling, is strengthened on this occasion by a recent order of council respecting the prisoners on parole.' *Diable!* Burke, what a scrupulous turn Napoleon seems to have taken in regard to these Cossacks. And here follows a long list of witnesses, who have seen nothing, and suspicious circumstances, that occur every morning in the week, without remark. After all, I don't think the empire has advanced us much on the score of police—the same threadbare jests, the same old practical jokes amused the bourgeoisie in the time of Louis XIV."

"I don't clearly understand your meaning."

"It is simply this; that every government of France, from Pepin downwards, has understood the value of throwing public interest from time to time on a false scent, and to this end has maintained a police. Now, if for any cause his majesty thought proper to incarcerate that Russian prince in the Temple, or *La Force*, the affair would cause a tremendous sensation in Paris, and soon would ring over the whole of Germany, and the rest of Europe, with every variation of despotism, tyranny, and all that, attached to it, long before any advantages to be derived from the step could be realized. Whereas see the effect of an opposite policy. By this report of a duel, for instance—I don't mean to assert it false, here—the whole object is attained, and an admirable subject of imperial praise obtained into the bargain. Governments have learned wisdom from the cuttle-fish, and can muddy the water on

their enemies at the moment of danger. I should not be surprised if the affairs of the bank looked badly this morning."

"It is evident, then, you disbelieve the whole statement about the duel."

"My dear friend," said he, smiling, "who is there in all Paris, from Mont Martre to St. Denis, believes, or disbelieves any one thing in the times we live in? Have we not trusted so implicitly for years past to the light of our reason, that we have actually injured our eyesight with its brilliancy. Little reproach, indeed, to our minds, when our very senses seem to mislead us—when one sees the people who enter the Tuileries now, with embroidered coats, who, in our fathers' days, never came nearer to it than the Place de Carrousel. *Helas!* it's no time for incredulity, that's certain. But to conclude," said he, turning to the paper once more—"'The *commissaires de police* throughout Paris have received orders to spare no effort to unravel the mystery, and detect the other parties in this unhappy affair.' Military tribunal—prisoners on parole—rights of hospitality—honour of France—and the old peroration—the usual compliment on the wisdom which presides over every department of state. How weary I do become of all this. Let your barber puff his dye for the whiskers, or your boot-maker the incomparable effulgence of his blacking, the thing is in keeping, no one objects to it. I don't find fault with my old friend Pigault Lebrun, if he now and then plays the critic on himself, and shows the world the beauties they neglectfully slurred over. But, Burke, have you ever seen a *Bureau de Police?*"

"Never; and I have the greatest curiosity to do so."

"Come, then, I'll be your guide; the *commissaire* of this quarter has a very extended jurisdiction, stretching away towards the Bois de Boulogne; and if there be any thing in this report, he is certain to know it; and assuredly, no other topic will be talked of till to-morrow evening, for it's not opera night, and Talma does not play either."

I willingly accepted this proposition; and when our breakfast was over, we mounted our horses, and set out for the place in question.

"If the forms of justice where we are now going," said Duchesne, "be divested of much of their pomp and ceremony, be assured of one thing, it is not at the expense of the more material essence. Of all the police tribunals about Paris, this obscure den in the Rue de Dix Sous is the most effective. Situated in a quarter where crime is as rife as fever in the Pontine Marshes, it has become acquainted with the haunts and habits of the lowest class in Paris—the lowest class, probably, in any city of Europe. Watching with parental solicitude, it tracks the criminal from his first step in vice, to his last deed in crime; from his petty theft, to his murder. Knowing the necessities to which poverty impels men, and studying with attention the impulses that grow up amid despair and hunger, it sees motives, through a mist of intervening circumstances that would baffle less subtle observers—and can trace the tortuous windings of crime, where no other sight could find the clue. Is it not strange, to think with what ingenuity men will investigate the minute anatomy of vice, and how little they will do to apply this

knowledge to its remedy? Like the surgeon, enamoured of his operating skill, he would rather exhibit his dexterity on the amputation, than his science in saving the limb. Such is the Bureau of the Police in the poorer quarters. In the more fashionable ones it takes a higher flight, amusing the world with its scenes, alternately humorous and pathetic, it forms a kind of feature in the literature of the period, and is the only reading of thousands. In these places the *commissaire* is usually a *bon vivant*, and a wit; despising the miserable function of administering the law, he takes his seat upon the bench, to cap jokes with the witnesses, puzzle the complainant, and embarrass the prisoner. To the reporters, alone, is he civil; and in return, his poor witticisms appear in the morning papers, with the usual 'loud laughter,' that never existed, save in type."

As we thus chatted, we entered a quarter of dirty and narrow streets, inhabited by a poor-looking, squalid population—the women, with little to mark their sex in their coarse heavy countenances, wore coloured kerchiefs on their heads, in lieu of a cap, and were, for the most part, without shoes or stockings. The men, a brutalized, stupid race, sat smoking in the door-ways—scarcely lifting their eyes as we passed; or some were eating a coarse morsel of black rye bread, which, by their eagerness in devouring it, seemed an unusual delicacy.

"You scarcely believed there was such poverty in Paris," said he, "but this is by no means the worst of the quarter. Though M. de Champagny,' in his late report, makes no mention of these 'signs of prosperity, we are now entering the region where, even in noon day, the passage is deemed perilous—but the number of police agents on duty to-day, will make the journey a safe one."

The street we entered at the moment consisted of a mass of tall houses, almost falling from decay and neglect; scarcely a window remained in many of them—while in front, a row of miserable booths, formed of rude planks, narrowed the passage to a mere path, scarce wide enough for three people abreast. There, vice of every description and drunkenness, waited not for the dark hours to shroud them, but came forth in the sunlight—the ruffian shouts of intoxication mingling with the almost maniacal laugh of misery, or the reckless chorus of some degrading song. Half-naked wretches leaned from the windows as we passed along, some staring in stupid wonderment at our appearance; others saluting us with mockery and grimace—or even calling out to us in the slang dialect of the place.

"Yes," said Duchesne, as he saw the expression of horror and disgust the scene impressed on me, "here are the rotting seeds of revolutions, putrifying, to germinate at some future day. Starvation and vice, misery, even to despair, inhabit every den around you. The furious and blood-thirsty wretch of '92, the Chouan, the Jacobite, the escaped galley-slave, the untaken murderer, are here, side by side—crime their great bond of union. To this place men come for an assassin, or a false witness, as to a market. Such are the wrecks, the retiring waves of a revolution have left us. So long as the trade of blood lasted, openly, like vultures, they fattened on it; but once, the

reign of order restored, they were driven to murder and outrage as a livelihood."

While he was speaking, we approached a narrow arched passage, within which a flight of stone steps arose. "We dismount here," said he; at the same moment a group of ragged creatures, of every age, surrounded us to hold our horses, not noticing the orderly who rode at some distance behind us. I followed Duchesne up the steps, and along a gloomy corridor, to a little court-yard, where several dismounted gendarmes were standing in a circle, chatting. Passing through this, we entered a dirty, mean-looking house, around the door of which several people were collected, some of whom saluted the chevalier as he came up.

"Who are these fellows?" said I, "they seem to know you."

"Oh! nothing but the common police spies," said he, carelessly; "the fellows who lounge about the cabarets, and the low gambling houses. But, here comes one of higher mark." As he spoke, he laid his hand on the arm of a tall, powerful-looking man, in a blouse—he wore immense whiskers, and a great beard, descending far below his chin. "Ah! Bocquin, what have we got going forward to-day? I came to show a young friend here the interior of your *salle*."

"Monsieur le Capitaine, your most obedient," said the man, in a deep voice, as he removed his casquette, and bowed ceremoniously to us; "and yours, also, Monsieur," added he, turning to me. "Why, there's nothing to speak of save that duel, capitaine."

"Come, come, Bocquin, no nonsense with me. What was that story got up for?"

"Ah! you mistake there," said Bocquin. "By Jove! there's a man badly wounded—shot through the neck—and no one to tell a word about it. No seconds present—the thing done quite privately—the wounded man left at his own door, and the other off—heaven knows where."

"And you believe this tale, Bocquin," said Duchesne superciliously.

"Believe it!—that I do. I have been to see the place where the man lay; and, by tracking the wheel-marks, I have discovered they came from the Champs Elysées. The cabriolet, too, was a private one—no fiacre has got so narrow a tire to the wheel."

"Closely followed up—eh, Burke?" said the chevalier, turning towards me with a smile of admiration at his sagacity. "Go on, Bocquin."

"Well, I followed the scent to the Barriere de l'Etoile, where I learned that one cabriolet passed towards the Bois de Boulogne, and returned in about half an hour. As the pace was a sharp one, I guessed they could not have gone far, and so I turned into the wood at the first road to the right, where there is least recourse of people, and, by Jove! I was all correct. There, in a small open space between the trees, I saw the marks of recent footsteps, and a little farther on found the grass all covered with blood——"

"Monsieur Bocquin! Monsieur Bocquin! the *commissaire* wants you," cried a voice from the landing of the stair; and with an apo-

logy for leaving thus suddenly, he turned away. We followed, however, curious to hear the remainder of this singular history; and, after some difficulty, succeeded in gaining admittance to a small room, now densely crowded with people, the most of whom were of the very lowest class. The *commissaire* speedily made place for us beside him on the bench; for, like every one else in any conspicuous position, he also was an acquaintance of Duchesne.

While the *commissaire* conversed with Bocquin in a low tone, we had time to observe the *salle* and its occupants. Except the witnesses, two or three of whom were respectable persons, they were the squalid-looking, ragged wretches of the quarter, listening with the greedy appetite of crime to any tale of bloodshed. The surgeon, who had just returned from visiting the wounded man, was waiting to be examined. To him now the *commissaire* directed his attention. It appeared that the wound was by no means of the dangerous character described, being merely through the fleshy portion of the neck, without injuring any part of importance. Having described circumstantially the extent of the injury, and its probable cause, he replied to a question of the *commissaire*, that no entreaty could persuade the wounded man to give any explanation of the occurrence, nor mention the name of his adversary. Duchesne paid little apparent attention to the evidence, and before it was concluded, asked me if I were satisfied with my police experience, and disposed to move away. Just at this moment there was a stir among the people around the door, and we heard the officers of the court cry out—"Room! make way there!" and the same moment General Duroc entered, accompanied by an aide-de-camp. He had been sent specially by the Emperor to ascertain what progress the investigation had made. His majesty had determined to push the inquiry to its utmost limits. The general appeared dissatisfied with the little prospect there appeared of elucidation; and, turning to Duchesne, remarked—

"This is peculiarly ill-timed just now, as negociations are pending with Russia, and the prince's family are about the person of the Czar."

"But as the wound would seem of little consequence, in a few days, perhaps, the whole thing may blow over," said Duchesne.

"It is for that very reason," replied Duroc, earnestly, "that we are pressed for time. The object is to mark the sentiments of his Majesty, *now*. Should the prince be once pronounced out of danger, it will be too late for sympathy."

"Oh! I perceive," said Duchesne, smiling; "your observation is most just. If my friends here, however, cannot put you on the track, I fear you have little to hope for elsewhere."

"I am aware of that, and Monsieur Cauchois knows the great reliance his Majesty reposes in his skill and activity."

Monsieur Cauchois, the *commissaire*, bowed with a most respectful air at the compliment, probably of all others the highest that could be paid him.

"A brilliant soirée we had last evening, Duchesne," said the general.

"I hope this unhappy affair will not close that house at present. You are aware the prince is the suitor of mademoiselle?"

"I only suspected as much," said the chevalier, with a peculiar smile. "It was my first evening there."

As General Duroc addressed a few words in a low tone to the *commissaire*, the man called Bocquin approached the bench, and handed up a small slip of paper to Duchesne. The chevalier opened it, and having thrown his eyes over it, passed it into my hand. All I could see were two words, written coarsely with the pencil—"How much?"

The chevalier turned the back of the paper, and wrote—"Fifty Napoleons."

On reading which the large man tore the scrap, and nodding slightly with his head, sauntered from the room. We rose a few moments after, and having taken a formal leave of the general and the *commissaire*, proceeded towards the street, where we had left our horses. As we passed along the corridor, however, we found Bocquin awaiting us. He opened a door into a small mean-looking apartment, of which he appeared the owner. Having ushered us in, and cautiously closed it behind him, he drew from his pocket a piece of cloth, to which a button and a piece of gold embroidery were attached.

"Your jacket would be spoiled without this morsel, captain," said he, laughing in a low dry laugh.

"So it would, Bocquin," said Duchesne, examining his coat, which I now perceived was torn on the shoulder, and a small piece, the exact one in his hand, wanting, but which had escaped my attention from the mass of gold lace and embroidery with which it was covered.

"Do you know, Bocquin," said Duchesne, in a tone much graver than he had used before, "I never noticed that."

"*Parbleu!* I believe you," said he, laughing; "nor did I, till you sat on the bench; when I was so pleased with your coolness, I could not, for the life of me, interrupt you."

"Have you got any money, Burke?" said the chevalier; "some twenty gold pieces"——

"No, no, captain," said Bocquin, "not now—another time. I must call upon you one of these mornings about another affair, and it will be time enough then."

"As you please, Bocquin," said the chevalier, putting up his purse again; "and so, till we meet."

"Till we meet, gentlemen," replied the other, as he bowed us respectfully to the door.

"You seem to have but a very faint comprehension of all this, Burke," said Duchesne, as he took my arm. "You look confoundedly puzzled, I must say."

"If I didn't, I should be an admirable actor—that's all," said I.

"Why, I think the thing is plain enough, in all conscience; Bocquin found that piece of my jacket on the ground, and, of course, the affair was in his hands."

"Why, do you mean to say——"

"That I shot Monsieur le Prince—this morning, at a quarter past

seven o'clock—and felt devilish uncomfortable about it, till the last ten minutes, my boy. If I did not confide the matter to you before, it was because that until all chance of detection was past, I could not expose you to the risk of an examination before the prefet de police. Happily now these dangers are all over. Bocquin is too clever a fellow, not to throw all the other spies on a wrong scent, so that we need have no fear of the result." I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, at the coolness and duplicity of the chevalier throughout an affair of such imminent risk, nor was I less astonished at the account he gave me of the whole proceeding.

One word, on leaving the *soirée*, had decided there should be a meeting the following day; and as the Russian well knew the danger of his adversary from the law, which was recently passed regarding prisoners on parole, he proposed they should meet, without seconds on either side. Duchesne acceded; and it was arranged, that the chevalier should drive along the Rue de Rivoli, at seven the next morning, where the Russian would join him, and they should drive together to the Bois de Boulogne.

"To do my Cossack, justice," said Duchesne, "he behaved admirably throughout the whole affair; and on taking his place beside me in the cab, entered into conversation freely and easily on the topics of the day. We chatted of the campaign—of the cavalry—of the Russian service—their size and equipment, only needing a higher organization to make them first-rate troops. We spoke of the Emperor Alexander, of whom he was evidently proud, and much pleased to hear the favourable opinion Napoleon entertained of his ability, and capacity; and it was in the middle of an anecdote about Savary and the Czar, we arrived at the Bois de Boulogne.

"I need not tell you the details of the affair, save that we loaded our own pistols, and stepped the ground ourselves. They were like other things of the same sort—the first shot concluded the matter. I aimed at his shoulder, but the pistol threw high. As to his bullet, it was only a while ago I knew it went so near me. It was nervous work, passing the barrier; for had he not made an effort to sit up straight in the cab, the sentry might have detained and examined us. All that you heard about his being left at his own door, covered with blood, and fainting, I need not tell you, has no truth. I never left the spot till the door was opened, and I saw him in the hands of a servant. Of course I concealed my face, and then drove off, at full speed."

By this time we arrived at the Luxembourg, and Duchesne, with all the coolness in the world, joined a knot of persons engaged in discussing the duel, and endeavouring, by sundry clever and ingenious explanations, to account for the circumstance.

As I sauntered along to my quarters, I pondered over the adventure, and the character of the chevalier; and however I might turn the matter in my mind, one thought was ever uppermost—a sincere wish that I had not been made his confidant in the secret.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE RETURN OF THE WOUNDED.

A FEW mornings after this occurrence, when, as Duchesne himself prophesied, all memory of it was completely forgotten, the *ordre du jour* from the Tuileries commanded all the troops, then garrisoned in Paris, to be under arms, at an early hour, in the Champs Elysées, when the Emperor would pass them in review. The spectacle had, however, another object, which was not generally known. The convoys of the wounded from Austerlitz were that same day to arrive at Paris, and the display of troops was intended at once to honour this *entrée*, and give to the sad procession of the maimed and dying, the semblance of a triumph. Such were the artful devices which ever ministered to the deceit of the nation, and suffered them to look on but one side of their glory.

As I anticipated, the chevalier was greatly out of temper at the whole of this proceeding. He detested nothing more than those military displays which are got up for the populace; he despised the exhibition of troops to the vulgar and unmeaning criticism of tailors and barbers; and, more than all, he shrunk from the companionship of the national guard of Paris—those shop-keeping soldiers, with their umbrellas and spectacles, who figured with such pride on these occasions.

"Another affair like this," said he, passionately, "and I'd resign my commission. A procession at the Porte St. Martin—the *bœuf gras* on Easter Monday—I'm your man for either; but to sit bolt upright on your saddle for three, maybe, four hours—to be stared at by every Bourgeois from the Rue de Bac—to be pointed at with pink parasols—and compared with some ribbon-vender of the Boulevards. Par St. Louis! I can't even bear to think of it. Look yonder," said he, pointing to the court of the palace, where already a regiment was drawn up, under arms, and passing in inspection before the colonel. "There begins the dress-rehearsal already. His Majesty says midday—the generals of division draw out their men at eleven o'clock—the colonels take a look at their corps at ten—the *chefs de bataillon* at nine—and, *parbleu!* the corporals are at work by day-break. Then, what confounded drilling and dressing up, as if Napoleon could detect the slightest waving of the line over two leagues of ground; while you see the luckless adjutants flying hither and thither, cursing, imprecating, and threatening, and hastily reiterating at the head of each company —'Remember, men—be sure to remember—that when the drums beat to arms, you shout—"Vive l'Empereur!"' Rely upon it, Burke, if we

had but one half of these preparations before a battle, we'd not be the dangerous fellows those Russians and Austrians think us."

"Come, come," said I, "you shall not persuade me, that the soldiers feel no pride on these occasions. The same men who fight so valiantly for their Emperor"——

"Stop there, I beg of you," said he, bursting into a fit of laughter. "I must really cry halt now. So long as you live, my dear friend, let nothing induce you to repeat that worn cant—Fight for their Emperor! why, they fought as bravely for Turenne, and Villars, and Maréchal Saxe; they were as full of courage under Moreau, and Kleber, and Dessaix, and Hoche; ay, and will be again, when the Emperor is no more; and, heaven knows who stands in his place. The genius of a French army is fighting, not for gain, nor plunder, nor even for glory, so much as for fighting itself; and he is the best man who gives them most of it. What reduced the reckless hordes of the revolution to habits of discipline and obedience, but the warlike spirit of their leaders, whose bravery they respected; and, think you, Napoleon himself does not feel this in his heart, and know the necessity of continual war, to feed the insatiable appetite of his followers. In a word, my friend," added he, in a tone of mock solemnity, "we are a great people, and nature intended us to be so, by giving us a language in which 'gloire' rhymes with 'victoire,' and 'François' with 'succès;' and now for the march, for, I fancy, we are late enough already."

There are few sources of annoyance more poignant, than to discover any illusion we have long indulged in, assailed by the sneers and sarcasms of another, who assumes a tone of superior wisdom on the faith of a difference of opinion. The mass of our likings and dislikings find their way into our heart, more from impulse than reason, and when attacked, are scarcely defensible by any effort of the understanding. This very fact renders us more painfully alive to their preservation, and we shrink instinctively from any discussion of them. While such is the case, we feel more bitterly the cruelty of him, who out of mere wantonness, can sport with the sources of our happiness, and assail the hidden stores of so many of our pleasures, for, unhappily, the mockery once listened to, lies associated with the idea for ever.

Already had Duchesne stripped me of more than one delusion, and made me feel, that I was but indulging in a deceptive happiness in my dream of life; and often did I regret that I ever knew him. It is not enough to feel the sophistry of one's adversary—you should be able to detect and expose it, otherwise the triumphant tone he assumes gives an air of victory, which ends by imposing on yourself; and of this, I felt now convinced in my own case.

These thoughts rendered me silent, as we wended our way towards the Tuileries, where the various officers of the staff, and the corps d'Elite were assembled. Here we found several of the marshals in waiting for the Emperor, while the Mameluke guard, in all the splendour of its gay equipments, stood around the great entrance of the palace. Many handsome equipages were also there—one conspicuous above the rest, for its livery of white and gold, with four outriders,

belonged to Madame Murat, the grand Duchess of Berg, whose taste for splendour and show extended to every department of her household.

At last there was a movement in those nearest the palace: the drums beat to arms; the guard within the vestibule presented, and the Emperor appeared, followed by a brilliant staff. He stood for a few seconds on the steps—his hands clasped behind his back, and his head a little bent forwards, as if in thought—then drawing himself up, he looked with a gaze of proud composure on the crowd that filled the court of the palace, and where now all was silent and still. Never before had I remarked the same imperious expression of his features; but as his eye ranged over the brilliant array, now, I could read the innate consciousness of superiority in which he excelled. Ney, Murat, Victor, Bessieres—how little seemed they all before that mighty genius, whose glory they but reflected.

Oh! how lightly, then, did I deem the mocking jests of Duchesne, or all that his spirit of sarcasm could invent. There, stood the conqueror of Italy and Egypt—the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz, looking every inch a monarch and a soldier. Whether from thoughtless inattention, or studied affectation, I cannot say, but at that moment, when all stood in respectful silence before the Emperor, Duchesne had approached the grille of the palace—next the place de Carrousel, and was busily chatting with a pretty-looking girl, who, with a number of others, sat in a hired *caleche*. A hearty burst of laughter at something he said, rang through the court, and turned every eye in that direction. In an instant the Emperor's eagle glance pierced the distance, and fastened on the Chevalier, who, seated carelessly on one side of his saddle, paid no attention to what was going forward, when suddenly an aide-de-camp touched him on the arm, and said—

"Monsieur Le Capitaine Duchesne, his Majesty the Emperor would speak with you."

Duchesne turned—a faint, a very faint flush covered his cheek, and, putting spurs to his horse, he galloped up to the front of the terrace, where the Emperor was standing. From the distance at which I stood, to hear what passed was impossible; but I watched, with a most painful interest, the scene before me.

The Emperor's attitude was unchanged, as the Chevalier rode up; and when Duchesne himself seemed to listen with a respectful manner to the words of his Majesty, I could see, by his easy bearing, that his self-possession had never deserted him. The interview lasted not many minutes, when the Emperor waved his hand haughtily, and the Chevalier, saluting with his sabre, backed his horse some paces, and then, wheeling round, rapidly galloped towards the gate, through which he passed.

"This evening, then, Mademoiselle," said he with a smile, "I hope to have the honour ——," and, with a courteous bow, rode on towards the arch-way opening on the quay.

"What has happened?" said I eagerly, to the officer at my side.

He shook his head, as if doubtful, and half fearing even to whisper at the moment.

"His privilege of the *elite* is withdrawn, sir," said an old general officer. "He must leave Paris to join his regiment in twenty-four hours."

"Poor fellow!" muttered I half-aloud, when a savage frown from the veteran officer corrected my words.

"What, sir!" said he in a low voice, where every word was thickened to a guttural sound. "What, sir! is the court of the Tuileries no more than a canteen or a bivouac? *Par dieu*, if it was not for his laced jacket he had been degraded to the ranks—ay, and deserved it too."

The coarse accents and underbred tone of the speaker showed me at once that he was one of the old generals of the republican army, who never could endure the descendants of aristocratic families in the service, and were too willing always to attribute to insolence and premeditated affront even the slightest breaches of military etiquette. Meanwhile the Emperor mounted, and accompanied by the officers of his staff, rode forward towards the Champs Elysées, while all of lesser note followed at a distance.

From the garden of the Tuileries to the Barrier de l'Etoile, the troops were ranged in four lines, the cavalry of the guard and the artillery forming the ranks along the road by which the convoy must pass. It was a bright day, with a clear, frosty atmosphere and a blue sky, and well suited the brilliant spectacle.

Scarcely had the Emperor issued from the Tuileries when ten thousand shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," rent the air—the cannon of the Invalides thundered forth at the same moment, and the crash of the military bands added their loud clangor to the sounds of joy. He rode slowly along the line, stopping frequently to speak with some of the soldiers, and giving orders to his suite concerning them. Of the officers in his staff that day, the greater number had been wounded at Austerlitz, and still bore the traces of their injuries. Rapp displayed a tremendous scar from a sabre across his cheek—Sebastiani wore his sword-arm in a sling—and Friant, unable to mount his horse, followed the Emperor on foot, leaning on a stick, and walking with great difficulty.

The sight of these brave men, whose devotion to Napoleon had been proved on so many battle-fields, added to the interest of the scene, and tended to excite popular enthusiasm to its utmost; but on Napoleon, still, all eyes were bent. The general, who led their armies to victory—the monarch, who raised France to the proudest place among the nations—was there, within a few paces of them. Each word he spoke was sinking deeply into some heart, prouder of that moment than of rank or riches.

So slow was the Emperor's progress along the ranks, that it was near three o'clock before he had arrived at the extremity of the line. The cavalry were now ordered to form in squadrons, and move past in close order. While this movement was effecting, a cannon-shot at the barrier announced the approach of the convoy. The cavalry were halted in line once more, and the same moment the first wagon of the

train appeared above the summit of the hill. So secretly had the whole been managed, that none, save the officers of the various staffs, knew what was coming. While each look was turned then towards the barrier in astonishment, gradually the wagon rolled on, another followed, and another. These were, however, but the ambulances of the hospitals, and now the wounded themselves came in sight, a white flag—that well-known signal—waving in front of each wagon, while a guard of honour, consisting of picked men of the different regiments, rode at either side. One loud cheer—a shout echoed back from the Tuileries itself—rung out, as the soldiers saw their brave companions restored to them once more. With that impulse which, even in discipline, French soldiers never forget, the men rushed forward to the wagons, and in a moment officers and men were in the arms of their comrades. What a scene it was, to see the poor and wasted forms, mangled by shot, and maimed of limb, brightening up again, as home and friends surrounded them—to hear their faint voices mingle with the questions for this one, or for that, while the fate of some brave fellow met but one word in elegy. On they passed—a sad train, but full of glorious memories. There, were the grenadiers of Oudinot, who carried the Russian centre; eleven wagons are filled with their wounded. Here come the voltigeurs of Bernadotte's brigade. See how the fellows preserve their ancient repute—cheering and laughing—ever the same, whether roistering at midnight in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or rushing madly upon the ranks of the enemy. There, are the dragoons of Nansouty, who charged the imperial guard of Russia. See the proud line that floats on their banner—"All wounded by the sabre." And here, come the cuirassiers of the guard, with a detachment of their own, as escort. How splendidly they look in the bright sun, and how proudly they come. As I looked, the Emperor rode forward, bareheaded, his whole staff uncovered. "*Chapeau bas*, Messieurs," said he, in a loud voice—"honour to the brave in misfortune!" Just then the escort halted, and I heard a laugh in front, close to where the Emperor was standing; but from the crowded staff around him, could not see what was going forward.

"What is it?" said I, curious to learn the least incident of the scene.

"Advance a pace or two, Captain," said the young officer I addressed, "you can see it all." I did so, and then beheld—oh! with what delight and surprise—my poor friend Pioche seated on the driving-seat of a gun, with his hand in salute, as the Emperor spoke to him.

"Thou wilt not have promotion, nor a pension—what, then, can I do for thee?" said Napoleon, smiling. "Hast any friend in the service whom I could advance for thy sake?"

"Yes, *parbleu!*" said Pioche, scratching his forehead, with a sort of puzzle and confusion, even the Emperor smiled at, "I have a friend; but mayhap those wouldn't like ——"

"Ask me for nothing—thou thinkest I could not—ought not to grant," said the Emperor sternly. "What is't now?"

The poor corporal seemed thoroughly nonplussed, and for a second or two could not reply. At last, as if summoniug all his courage for the effort, he said—"Well, thou can'st but refuse, and then the fault will be all thine; she is a brave girl, and had she been a man ——"

"Whom can he mean?" said Napoleon. "Is the man's head wandering?"

"No, *mon general*—all right there—that shell has turned many a sabre's edge. I was talking of Minette, the vivandiere of ours. If thou are so bent on doing me a service, why, promote *her*, and thou'lt make the whole regiment proud of it."

This speech was lost in the laugh, which, beginning with the Emperor, extended to the staff, and at last to all the bystanders.

"Dost wish I should make her one of my aide-de-camps?" said Napoleon, still laughing.

"*Parbleu!* thou hast more ill-favoured ones among them," said Pioche, with a significant look at the grim faces of Rapp and Daru, whose hard and weather-beaten features never deigned a smile, while every other face was moved in laughter.

"But thou hast not said, yet, what I am to do," rejoined the Emperor.

"Thou used not to be so hard to understand," grumbled out Pioche. "I have seen the time thou'd have said—'Is it Minette that was wounded at the Adige?—is that the girl stood in the square at Marengo? *Parbleu!*—I'll give her the cross of the Legion."

"And she shall have it, Corporal Pioche," said Napoleon, as he detached the decoration he wore on the breast of his coat. "Give the order for the Vivandiere to advance."

Scarce were the words spoken, when the sound of a horse pressed to his speed was heard, and mounted upon a small, but showy Arab, a present from the regiment, Minette rode up. In the bloom of health, and flushed by exercise, and the excitement of the moment, I never saw her look so handsome. Reining in her horse short, as she came in front of the Emperor, the animal reared up, almost straight, and pawed the air with his fore-legs, while she, with all the composure in life, raised her hand to her cap, and saluted the Emperor, with an action the most easy and graceful.

"Thou hast some yonder," said Pioche, with a grim smile at the staff, "would be sore puzzled to keep their saddles as well."

"Minette," said the Emperor, while he gazed on her handsome features with evident pleasure, "your name is well known to me, for many actions of kindness and self-devotion; wear this cross of the Legion of Honour; you will not value it the less, that, until now, it has been only worn by me. Whenever you find one worthy to be your husband, Minette, I will charge myself with the dowry."

"Oh, sire," said the trembling girl, as she pressed the Emperor's fingers to her lips—"oh, sire, is this real?"

"Yes, *parbleu!*" said Pioche wiping a large tear from his eye, as he spoke—"he can make thee be a man, and make me feel like a girl." As Duroc attached the cross to the button-hole of the Vivandiere's frock, she sat pale as death, totally overcome by her sensations of pride, and

unable to say more than, "Oh, sire!" which she repeated three or four times at intervals.

Again the procession moved on; other wagons followed with their brave fellows; but all the interest of the scene was now, for me at least, wrapped up in that one incident, and I took but little notice of the rest.

For full two hours the cortége continued to roll on—wagon after wagon, filled with the shattered remnants of an army: yet such was the indomitable spirit of the people—such the heartfelt passion for glory—all deemed that procession the proudest triumph of their arms. Nor was this feeling confined to the spectators; the wounded themselves leaned eagerly over the sides of the charettes, to gaze into the crowds on either side, seeking some old familiar face, and looking, through all their sufferings, proudly, on the dense mob beneath them. Some tried to cheer, and waved their powerless hands; but others, faint and heart-sick, turned their glazed eyes towards the "Invalides," whose lofty dome appeared above the trees, as though to say, that, was now their resting-place—the only one before the grave.

He who witnessed that day, could have little doubt about the guiding spirit of the French nation; nor could he distrust their willingness to sacrifice any thing—nay, all—to national glory.

Suffering and misery—wounds, ghastly and dreadful, were on every side; and yet, not one word of pity—not a look of compassion was there. These men were, in *their* eyes, far too highly placed for sympathy: theirs was that path to which all aspired; and their trophies were their own worn frames and mangled bodies.

And then, how they brightened up, as the Emperor would draw near—how even the faintest would strive to catch his eye, and gaze with parted lips on him as he spoke, as though drinking in his very words—the balm to their bruised hearts; and the faint cry of "*L'Empereur! L'Empereur!*" passed like a murmur along the line.

Not until the last wagon had defiled before him, did the Emperor leave the ground. It was then nearly dark, and already the lamps were lighted along the quays, and the windows of the Palace displayed the brilliant lustre of the preparations for a grand dinner to the Marshals.

As we moved slowly along in close order, I found myself among a group of officers of the Emperor's staff, eagerly discussing the day and its events.

"I am sorry for Duchesne," said one, "with all his impertinences, and he had enough of them; he was a brave fellow, and a glorious leader at a moment of difficulty."

"Well, well, the Emperor has, perhaps, forgiven him by this time; it is not likely he would mar the happiness of a day like this, by disgracing an officer of the '*Elite*.'"

"You are wrong, my friend; his Majesty is not sorry for the occasion, which can prove that he knows as well how to punish as to reward. Duchesne's fate is sealed. You are not old enough to remember, as I can, the morning at Lonado, where the same *ordre du*

jour conferred a mark of honour on one brother, and condemned another to be shot."

"And was this, indeed, the case?"

"Ay, was it. Many can tell you of it, as well as myself. They were both in the same regiment—the fifteenth demi-brigade of light infantry. They held a chateau, at Salo, against the enemy for eight hours, when, at length, the elder, who commanded at the front, capitulated, and laid down his arms: the younger refused to comply, and continued the fight. They were reinforced, an hour afterwards, and the Austrians beaten off. The day after, they were both tried, and the result was as I have told you—the utmost favour the younger could obtain, was, not to witness the execution of his brother."

As I heard this story, my very blood curdled in my veins, and I looked with a kind of dread on him who now rode a few paces in front of me—the stern and pitiless Napoleon.

At last we entered the court of the Tuileries, when the Emperor, dismissing his staff, entered the palace, and we separated, to follow our own plans for the evening. For a moment or two I remained uncertain which way to turn. I wished much to see Duchesne, yet scarcely hoped to meet with him, by returning to the Luxembourg. It was not the time to be away from him, at a moment like this, and I resolved to seek him out.

For above an hour I went from café to café, where he was in the habit of resorting, but to no purpose. He had not been seen in any of them during the day, so that at length I turned homeward, with the faint hope that I should see him there on my arrival.

Somehow, I never had felt more sad and depressed; and the events of the day, so far from making me participate in the general joy, had left me gloomy and desponding. My spirit was little in harmony with the gay and merry groups that passed along the streets, chanting their campaigning songs, and usually having some old soldier of the "guard" amongst them; for they felt it as a fête, and were hurrying to the "cabarets," to celebrate the day of Austerlitz.

PR 4884
T6
1843b
v.14

Just published,

In one thick vol. crown 8vo, above 700 pages, with a Map, price 12s. cloth,

A HANDBOOK

FOR

TRAVELLERS IN IRELAND,

DESCRIPTIVE OF ITS

SCENERY, TOWNS, SEATS, ANTIQUITIES, ETC.

With various Statistical Tables; also, an Outline of its Mineral Structure, a brief View of its Botany, and Information for Anglers.

BY JAMES FRASER,

Landscape Gardener, and Designer of Rural Improvements.

THIRD THOUSAND, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

An Edition, with 16 additional Maps of separate Roads, price 16s.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

"It is not often that the realities of a work are equal to its title. In the present case they far exceed it in value and interest. Whether we consider the general account of Ireland, its climate, soil, and natural history, or its statistics, including commerce, government, and education, the information is condensed, accurate, and perspicuous. Nor have these subjects at all interfered with the original design of the work as a guide book. It contains between two and three hundred itineraries, with descriptions, travelling directions, and coloured maps. It deserves a conspicuous place in the library of every well-informed Irishman."—*Dublin World.*

"Just what a hand-book ought to be, in all respects—ample, without diffuseness—concise, without obscurity—learned, without being pedantic—and instructive, without being dogmatic. Politics and polemics—the bane of all publications pertaining to Ireland, as they are of Ireland itself—are totally excluded.—Throughout the whole book the same excellence is observable. In typography, the engraving and colouring of the maps, and in every other accessory to the completion of mechanical superiority, it may challenge comparison with the best publications of the kind now extant, and no less so on the score of economy."—*Liverpool Journal.*

"This is an enlarged and greatly improved edition of Mr. Fraser's 'Guide through Ireland'—a work which, on its first appearance, was hailed as a production of the greatest value. We cannot particularise the various points in which this volume excels its predecessor; but in its present form it seems to us to contain everything that is likely to interest the traveller and the tourist. The man of business and the man of pleasure will find it an invaluable companion, and neither should travel without it."—*Londonderry Sentinel.*

"Speaking as we do with no ordinary amount of local knowledge, we endorse this as an accurate and valuable guide-book."—*Nation.*

"A complete repertory of all the information which would be useful or acceptable to the traveller or tourist, or even to the resident, not so conversant in the antiquities, topography, scenery, and statistics of Ireland, as the observant and indefatigable Mr. Fraser."—*Dublin Register.*

"The work has gained very considerably by the additions and improvements it has received since the publication of the first edition. The present is the third thousand, which proves that its merits are already well appreciated by the public, and we have no doubt that every year will witness an increase of its reputation and circulation. The arrangement of the routes appears to have been the best that could have been adopted, and the beautifully neat and elaborate maps leave nothing to be desired in the way of explanation."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"Even in its original form we perceived that a practical husbandman had been at work—that he had seen for himself—that he had inquired—that he had travelled over the country, and visited the localities he described."—*Dublin Evening Post.*

"It really deserves the name of a hand book for Ireland, for in it the tourist will find not only an accurate travelling guide, but information upon every class of subject within his particular province."—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

Dublin: WILLIAM CURRY, Jun. and Co. LONGMAN and Co., London.
Sold by all Booksellers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just Published, in 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

MEMOIR OF THE UNION, AND THE AGITATIONS FOR ITS REPEAL; in which that Measure, its Causes, and its Consequences, are historically and politically reviewed; and its indissolubility demonstrated from many great authorities, and particularly by that of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

BY AN IRISH CATHOLIC.

Now ready, in 8vo, 10s. 6d.,

IRELAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN. By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq., Author of the "History of the British Colonies," &c.

Contents:

Part I.—History of the Legislative Union. Part II.—Commerce, Shipping, and Manufactures of Ireland before and after the Union. Part III.—Internal Improvement and Social Progress of Ireland since the Union. Part IV.—Population and Education of Ireland. Part V.—Financial and Banking State of Ireland; Parliamentary Representation; Municipalities and Absenteeism. Part VI.—History of the Irish Church, and Origin of the Penal Enactments. Part VII.—Conclusion—Imperial and Federal Alliance—Appendix.

Now ready, in 8vo, 6s. cloth,

THE IRISH QUESTION CONSIDERED IN ITS INTEGRITY. By Viscount Wellesley.

Nearly ready, small 8vo, with numerous Illustrations,

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES,

OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Times to the Legislative Union in 1800.

Dublin: Wm. Curry, Jun. and Co. And all Booksellers.

SURGEON WILDE.

In post 8vo, price 9s. 6d. cloth,

AUSTRIA; its Literary, Scientific, and Medical Institutions, with Notes on the Present State of Science, and a Guide to the Hospitals and Sanatory Establishments of Vienna. By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., L.R.C.S.I., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Society of Physicians of Vienna, &c. &c.; Author of "Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Palestine," &c.

Also, by the same Author,

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO MADEIRA, TENERIFFE, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece.

New and Cheaper Edition, 8vo. *In the press.*

Dublin: Wm. Curry, Jun. and Co. London: Longman and Co.

Printed by J. S. Folds, Son, and Patton, 5, Bachelor's-walk.